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A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Fairest of the Fair.
Roger and Nelly.
Bundle of Wants.
The Spotless Maid.



Newcastle upon Tyne :
Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.
*Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

Fairest of the Fair.

O NANNY! wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to quit the haunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in filken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit the courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face each parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O! can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,—
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,—
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,—
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death;
 And wilt thou, o'er his breathless clay,
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret the scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Roger and Nelly.

TWAS in the prime of summer time,
 Quite pleasing was the weather,
 Young Roger would a wooing go,
 By the consent of his mother;
 So he was drest all in his best,
 Quite smart without a wrinkle,
 A rusty sword down by his side,
 Tied on with beggar's inkle.

Then Roger called his man John,
 Go fetch me out old Dobbin,
 Comb out his neck, cock up his tail,
 That it may not hang bobbing:
 With a saddle tree bound down with hay,
 That is a thing so proper,
 With a patten ring tied in a string
 Of linsley wolsey cropper.

Then Roger to his chest would go,
 Straightway for to unlock it,
 Three halfpence of old Irish coin,
 He put them in his pocket.
 With the bridle best pick'd from the rest,
 Which he had for a stirrup,
 A besom stick he had for a whip,
 With half a yard of cart rope.

Then Roger rose and took the road,
 They took him for a 'torney,
 With his pistol long, it was well load,
 For fear he should be robbed,
 And every little while he said,
 Come, mend your pace, old Dobbin;
 Should night o'ercast we'll lose our road,
 Then let us both keep jogging.

Then Roger to the town did go,
 His doxy to enquire :
 Making a rout, he found her out,
 Next door to the town-crier :
 Then he said to his dear Nell,
 Let us in wedlock join :
 But first tell me thy fortune,
 And then I'll tell thee mine.

I have a box without a top,
 A spade without a handle,
 A pepper box, an old cart rope,
 And half a farthing candle,
 A washing tub, a pewther dish,
 A pestle and a mortar,
 A leathern bucket, old and good,
 Will serve us years in future.

Besides, says she, it's known full well,
 I have great store of linen,
 Full forty yards of hemp and yarn,
 And all of my own spinning.
 O then, says Roger, it's well known,
 I've Dobbin in the stable,
 A pig, a calf, a crown and half,
 A rare old kitchen table.

Besides, says he, I have a house,
 Fetches fifteen-pence a quarter,
 An old bedstead without a head,
 And a pot to catch your water.
 Come, said he, my dear sweet Nell,
 Let us to church be jogging,
 With all my heart I'll say my part,
 Go fetch me out old Dobbin.

So then to church they did repair,
 And in wedlock's bands were join'd;
 When all was o'er to bed they went,
 And now their toils are ended.

Bundle of Wants.

COME, gentlemen, sit you all merry,
 I'll sing you a song of want;
 I'll make you as merry as can be,
 Now my money begins to grow scant.

A woman without ever a tongue,
 She never can scold very loud,
 It's just such another sad want,
 When a fidler wants his crowd.

A ship without ever a sail,
 May be driven the Lord knows whither;
 It's just such another sad want,
 As a shoemaker wanting his leather.

A man that has got but one leg,
 Will make but a very bad runner;
 And he that's no eyes in his head,
 Will make but a sorrowful gunner.

A bell without ever a clapper,
 Will make but a sorrowful sound ;
 And he that's no land of his own,
 Must work on another man's ground.

A woman without ever a fault,
 She bright as a star will appear ;
 But a brewer without any malt,
 Will brew us but pitiful beer.

A foldier without any pay,
 To fight will be terrible lazy ;
 And a bed well stocked with fleas,
 Will make a man wonderful busy.

A miller without a pair of stones,
 He is but a sorrowful soul ;
 And if he has no corn to grind,
 He need not stand taking of toll.

A man that has got a bad stomach,
 Will make but a pitiful dinner ;
 And he that's no victuals to eat,
 His jaws will grow thinner and thinner.

You know that a dish of good meat,
 Is the comfort and joy of man's life,
 But he that's no victuals to eat,
 Has no need to draw out his knife.

A ploughman without e'er a plough,
 I think he may live at his ease ;
 And a dairy without e'er a cow,
 Will make but bad butter and cheese.

A man that is pitiful poor,
 Has little or nothing to lose,
 And he that has got ne'er a foot,
 It saves him the buying of shoes.

A woman that never bore children,
 Is barren, and so much the worse ;
 And he that is quite out of money,
 Can have no need of a purse.

I hope there's no one in this place,
 Displeas'd any way with my song,
 Come buy up my ballads a-pace,
 And I'll pack up my awls and begone.

The Spotless Maid.

THE spotless maid is like the blooming rose,
 Which on its native stem unsully'd grows ;
 But if some hand the tender stalk invades,
 Lost is its beauty, and its colour fades.

Whoever leaves a virtuous maid behind,
 Tho' distant—till he views her in his mind ;
 Reflection tells, that absence must improve,
 The dear delight of meeting those we love.

FINIS.